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Miss Helen Fraser Speaks in College Gymnasium.

Jan. 8th. It was to a large audience of students, faculty, and New London women that Miss Fraser of England spoke Tuesday morning about Woman's Part in Winning the War. Although the position of America is not parallel to that of England, yet Miss Fraser noticed that our women are entering the war in much the same enthusiastic way as the English women did.

At the outbreak of the war a medical unit composed of women was ready. This unit and many others like it did noble work in Belgium and Serbia. Mary's Needlework Guild, the Voluntary Aid Detachment (called V. A. D.'s) made up of women who are trained under the Red Cross, and the Red Cross itself, work continually. It is interesting to note that the Scottish hospitals are supported solely by American women.

A million and a quarter women are now replacing men in every conceivable position. No contract for shells is given to any plant that does not employ at least 80 per cent. women. In these munition factories the women put in fuses, which is disfiguring as well as dangerous because in time the chemicals change their hair and skin to a yellow color. These women are called "Canary Girls". Numerous air raids necessitate the employment of police-women to guard the magazines, which they do fearlessly and frequently.

Regular training schools for women farmers have been established, and through them the farms are supplied with workers.

Ten thousand women per month are enlisted in the army to fill clerical positions, drive motors, do postal and many other kinds of work, and now a new duty has been given over to them, that of taking care of the graves. The navy is soon going to enlist women in the same way. Of course, these women are trained just as the men are.

Miss Fraser emphasized the fact that it was the trained woman who was needed in every service. The executive positions must be filled by college women, not only now while the war is going on, but later when the reconstruction work begins. For that end we should prepare ourselves!

In the afternoon Miss Fraser answered numerous questions concerning food

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A Trip to the Orient.

Who would not gladly be transported for an hour far from a shrill-whistling winter wind to the balmy and sultry land of the Arabian Nights and the fascinating remains of ancient Nineveh and Babylon? Thither, Dr. Edwin J. Banks led a party of students and faculty on Friday evening, January 4th.

Up to a height 17,212 feet above sea-level—over barren rocks, and treacherous glaciers, up a steep and slippery slope of forty-five degrees, we climbed to the summit of Mt. Ararat, the "Mother of the Earth"—to the spot where Noah's Ark rested during the flood, many years ago. Then past Lake Van, four thousand feet above sea-level, we sped, over a barren plain, to a typical Armenian village—a huddle of queer, turfy mounds with bricked openings. And inside of one we met an Armenian family—such as the Turks and their predecessors have been slaughtering in hundreds of thousands ever since 763 B. C. (For, since it takes ten Jews to beat a Turk, and ten Turks to beat an Armenian, the Turks have adopted this system of lessening competition).

We passed a wheat field whose product is better than ours, and then we visited the "Devil Worshippers" whose unsanitary living was not long endurable,—and next we found a happy family of the brave mountaineers who are fighting with the Allies.

And now we reached the Tigris, and saw the quaint rafts and rude house boats like those, perhaps, that Nebuchadnezzar's subjects and possibly even Hammurabis', sailed in several thousand years ago. We saw traces of the ancient Romans, in their enduring roads and bridges—and of the modern Turks, in the utter barrenness of the river banks, stripped of every vestige of tree or shrub.

We could not leave the Orient without a visit at the tent of an Arab chieftain, where coffee was served to the guests in token of their safety. And then we passed a licorice field and proceeded to a Babylonian village—almost a reproduction of the ancient city of Nebuchadnezzar. At Nineveh we found—not a mass of valuable excavations—but a party of women doing their yearly washing!

At Bagdad we viewed the long bridge where the Forty Thieves doubtless once passed with their stolen treasure,—and the warehouses of the rich merchants of the East. We were just enjoying a cool breeze under a sunny fig

Beyond Man and Time

PART II.

To create man! That is the work we have to do. "There is a universal profession and that is the profession of *man*" said Guyau. And Renan defines the ideal of human perfection as the possibility to offer in the individual an abridged tableau of the species. This was the secret of Greece and of the Greeks. It was the supreme taste for harmony which gave to the Greek soul her eternal youth and beauty. The Greek individual, Schiller says, can be taken always as the type of his time. The modern individual, never. This is, Schiller says, "because all-uniting nature imparted its forms to the Greek and all dividing understanding gives our form to us." The Greek citizen was first of all and above all a man. He was a philosopher in the porticos, a citizen in the Phyx, an orator on the Bema, a politician in the councils of the polis, an athlete in the gymnasium. He modeled the four phases of the soul. He knew how to magnify the ideal and the real, reason and instinct, the strength of the spirit and of the body. This is what we find in the Greek citizen as we can know him through history and in the Greek bodies of marble as we see them. "It is no longer the body but that which begins to separate from the resemblance of the original of the father of the gods and in which immortality is hidden" as Winkelmänn described the torso of Apollo in Belvedere. "It is the thrill of life itself—O Venus, arch of the triumph of life, bridge of truth, circle of grace!" as Rodin speaks of the Venus of Melos in the Louvre.

In Greece "the gods descended to man and man ascended to the gods": that shall be our motto—to go to the gods, if we do not wish to prepare for ourselves our sudarium and our sepulchre as the Egyptians did.

It is chiefly the young man and the young woman who must realize that. Young people who are still far from death must feel as if they were never going to die because that is the way to conquer eternity. Young people must be young always and never anything but young. There is something very comfortable in the faces of young people

tree arbor, when suddenly we found ourselves shivering in the darkness in the college gymnasium.

and that is "hope". Just because youth is nothing definite and concrete, it can be and shall be all. Youth is a promise, the most beautiful promise of life. Life lies before the young soul as the block of marble before the artist, waiting for the hand which shall give to it its beauty and living form. But just because youth is a beautiful promise in the soul and body of the young there must be no place for sadness and austerity. The life of the young must resound like a hallelujah played by the gods and sung by a chorus of angels who assemble round the throne of heaven, where there are no clouds at all. Heaven is youth and it is the only heaven of our life.

It is a very wrong and bad idea to believe that for doing great things it is necessary to assume a pathetic and serious attitude. On the contrary, I think, as Nietzsche thought, that there is no other manner of dealing with great tasks than as *PLAY*: "this as a sign of greatness, is an essential prerequisite. The slightest constraint, a sombre mien, any hard accent in the voice—all these things are objections to a man, but how much more to his work! . . . One must not have nerves. . . ." One epoch which makes so much use of the word "work" as our age does, is, in itself, a degenerated epoch. Nature "works" only in its lowest degrees; in its highest degrees it "plays". The gods never worked but they played always. What makes the difference between working and playing is this: to work implies a lack of something which we try to get by working. On the contrary, to play implies a superabundance of everything. It is the difference between to "take" and to "give". To work is to need; to play is to have more than is necessary. That "more" is just what we give when we play. And now I think that Schiller is right when he says that "man only plays when, in the full meaning of the word, he is a man, and he is only completely a man when he plays".

Young people must play with life and all life's things. They must give the superabundance of their forces to life and all life's things. They must look to all sides of life and follow all its ways and directions. Never think that life has only one side and one direction. On the contrary, life has many sides and many directions, none of which must remain unknown to the young soul and body. Life is like a two-sided mountain: up-hill and down-

(Continued on page 2)

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Beyond Man and Time.

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hill. We ascend by the one and descend by the other. The young are on the top of the hill. From there they look at life which, as Renan said, is the splendid horizon which youth discovers. But as they descend into life they shall see before them all the ways which lead from the top to the valley. Not only the ways which others have made and followed, but also the ways which they themselves can make. Thus I understand life, as a nosegay of possibilities: that is beauty; and those who incarnate beauty, incarnate also truth.

Do not believe either in the premature vocation. It is true that many times the premature vocation is the true expression of genius. Such was the case of Giotto who, when he was only ten years old, began to make sketches on the stones of the sheep entrusted to him by his father. That ten years old shepherd needed only the guide of Cimabue to paint very soon the beautiful Madonnas which should open the gates of the Renaissance through which was to pass later on that pleiad of geniuses from Fra Angelico to Titian and Michelangelo and from Rubens to Rembrandt. But it is true also that, very often, the premature vocation is a fatality which leads nowhere. One can say that very often the premature vocation is only the tortuous way of a narrow horizon of life and life's things. He who never saw the sun die on the crests of the Alps cannot have the vocation of painting Alpine landscapes, although he may be a genius in the art of painting landscapes. What that genius needs is only to go and see the Alps on a spring day. So needed the musical

talent of Wagner one symphony of Beethoven in order to awake from the lethargy in which it was asleep. So needed also the art of Berlioz the stimulus of "Les Danaïdes" of Salievi in order to give it all its fruits. So needed also the genius of Galileo the lamp of the cathedral of Pisa. We only know our faculties when we give them the possibility to develop. To give that possibility to all our faculties is the work of the young. To him is addressed the ethical commandment formulated by Guyau: "Develop thy life in all directions. Be as rich as possible, both as regards the fervour and the compass of the endeavours". He is not worthy of his life who on leaving this world cannot say what Solomon said and Tolstoi repeated: "I have not refused to my eyes anything what they desired, neither have I deprived my heart of any pleasure".

After that it does not matter what the result or the end will be. Do not be afraid of the unproductiveness of your life. No life which is lived is unproductive. It is enough to live and to have great projects although they never crystallize. "Concevoir", said Balzac, "c'est jouir, c'est fumer des cigarettes enchantées." But when the same writer says that "sans l'exécution tout s'en va en rêve et en fumée", do not believe him. Balzac forgets that also the "rêve" et la "fumée" are something very important. Calderon de la Barca should say that to dream is to live and to live is to dream. Just there where the outside world and work begin, there genius ends. Art is an intuition. Its aim is creation. What comes after is only technique: the hindrance to art. The most important thing is the intuition; the less important, its execution. Greater is always the project than the work. More beautiful is always the dream than the awakening to life. Many years were spent by Leonardo de Vinci in making projects for the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, projects which vanished before becoming a definite reality. Michelangelo passed his long life working in dream on the colossal tomb of Julius II and the dreams were never realized. Nevertheless they are the two greatest geniuses of the Italian Renaissance; not only for what they did, but also for what they dreamed of doing and never accomplished. On the tombstone of Jean Marie Guyau posterity had nothing better to write than these lines from one of his works. "Our loftiest efforts seem to be just those that are the most aimless, but they are like waves, which, being able to reach us, are able also to reach still further. I am convinced that my greatest possession will outlive me. Nay, perchance not a single one of my dreams is to be accounted lost. Others will take them up, be they only night-fantasies to me, until one day they journey to their complete perfection".

I have just written down the names of Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and J. M. Guyau. How much should I like

every young man and woman to take them as models, trying to follow them, if not in their pathos, at least in their understanding of life. They were three Greek Souls among the very few which Europe has produced since the days of Greece. They also took life as a harmony and as something beautiful in itself. They felt always in them the two forces of the Greek soul: the hope and the enthusiasm or, if you like, the divine "eros" of which Plato used to speak. Hope, hope, and hope! Love, love, and love! Such is life and such must be the soul of the young, open to life.

Unschuld und Vergessen, ein Neubeginnen, ein Spiel, ein aus sich rollendes Rad, eine erste Bewegung, ein heiliges Ja-sagen.

There lies old and sad Egypt. There young and joyful Greece. Ah! May the divine songs of Parsifal resound as in a splendid temple, and reply to the cries of suffering Amfortas with the blessed words: "Selig in Glauben! Selig in Liebe."

—César Barja.

A Patriot or not a Patriot.

Dear Editor:

In my opinion a patriotic attitude of mind is a very important thing for us all to cultivate in this present world crisis. To think unselfishly and to uphold in all our contact with people the big movements and war measures that our government is endeavoring to carry out, is one of the most important fields of service for women. People are looking to college girls to lead in this support, and the great question is—are we justifying their confidence in us?

What do we know about conservation? Two wheatless days a week are quite unheard of in Thames Hall and no one is being particularly careful in the use of butter and other foods which should be Hooverized.

And again, how often does our patriotism show itself in our reading? Do we read the newspapers, magazines and war books—can we discuss the Russian situation, government railroad control or President Wilson's latest speech to Congress? Girls, it is a huge injustice to our country and to ourselves not to give up some part of each day to this reading of current history. The Service League has put on the bulletin board a comprehensive list of war

books of great interest, and the newspapers and magazines are in the dormitories and library;—so now it's a question of YOU—a patriot or not a patriot? This is the era of women who are alive to the big things of the present day and I'm sure that it is not the spirit of this campus to let Connecticut College girls be second to any other group of people in the country!

—Alice G. Horrax.

"Keep Smiling"

That's All

College Calendar.

Wed. Jan. 16th, 5 p. m.—Glee Club.

6. 45 p. m.—Mandolin Club.

Thurs. Jan. 17th, 5 p. m.—French Club.

5 p. m.—German Club.

5 p. m.—Art Guild

7.30 p. m.—Concert

Caroline Hudson Alexander, Soprano

Frederick Weld, Baritone.

Fri. Jan. 18th, 5 p. m.—Debating Club

Sat. Jan. 19th, 7.45 p. m.—Freshman Party.

Sun. Jan. 20th, 5 p. m.—Vespers.

R. Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster,
Bishop of Connecticut.

Mon. Jan. 21st, 5 p. m.—Glee Club.

Tues. Jan. 22nd, 11 a. m.—Convocation.

Miss Helen Taylor Blanvelt

"Oxford Past and Present"

Wed. Jan. 23rd, 5 p. m.—Glee Club.

6. 45 p. m.—Mandolin Club.

Thurs. Jan. 24th, 8 a. m.—Mid-year's begin.

Orange Tree Inn

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The Aims of the Service League.

To the Editor:

It was with great surprise that many of us read in a recent issue of the "News" that the aim of the Service League "has been either restricted or misinterpreted and the spirit of the whole league seems to move under a narrowing religious influence".

The criticism seems harsh because the league is so young and has not yet fully accomplished its purpose. Perhaps we never shall accomplish the purpose wholly but does the work so far show any restriction or misinterpretation of purpose and has the influence been a narrowing religious one?

We who have found a place in the league have not found a religious influence which was narrowing but rather one that is broadening.

A club of working girls has been formed in New London and is flourishing to the delight of everyone who has attended one of its meetings. Hospital visiting has been enjoyed by and helped many of us as well as the shut-ins.

More than 300 hanks of wool have been converted into sweaters, socks, helmets and wristlets. Part of these articles have been given directly to individuals needing them and part have gone through the Red Cross Society. The Red Cross Chapter was pleased with the fine quality of the surgical bandages made by league members. A Red Cross Course in Dietetics has been organized and is given by Dr. Thompson.

The speakers so far obtained have inspired and helped us. Others whom we will hear speak are Rabbi Wise, Horace J. Bridges, Edward A. Steiner, Jennie Hall, and Richard Roberts. We are negotiating with Thomas Mott Osborne, Anna Howard Shaw, Hoover, and Carlton Hayes.

Is there any reason why any Connecticut College girl cannot truthfully and sincerely take an active part in this league?

—R. K. T. '19.

A Fable.

Oh, it's great to be a Fashion Plate,
To wear the Latest Gown,
To watch the People turn and stare
When You ride into Town;
To have your Picture taken
And published in the *Times*,
As posing near the Biltmore's Door,
You gather War Fund Dimes.

And it's fine to be a Genius,
To write for College Folk,
To rave upon the Scenery,
With many a Classic Stroke;
To have your Whole Life taken
And published in *Who's Who*,
As rhyming all Philosophy,
You Common Thoughts eschew.

But it isn't All of Living,
And it isn't All of Life.
The finest Music e'er conceived
Was Drowned by Drum and Fife.
Ten years from now your Picture
Will be a thing of Jest,
And People find you queer enough,
All Dolled up in your Best.
Ten years from now your Verses
Will never find Reprint.
The *Who's Who* that the People write
Will not at You e'en Hint.

So it doesn't matter What you Wear.
If you are Neat and Trim,
Your Hat will always be in Style
With Wide or Narrow Brim.
It doesn't matter What you Write.
So long as it's the Truth,
Your Verses in the People's Hearts
Will find Eternal Youth.

—Alison Hastings.

Miss Helen Fraser Speaks.

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control. There were many interesting facts concerning women. The two co-directors under the director of the food control are women. Women health directors look after the proper feeding and housing conditions of women workers in factories. Miss Fraser said that the government now had absolute control of almost every product.

Co-operation in the Dining-Hall.

In the attitude of the majority towards the efforts of the Refectory Committee to maintain some semblance of law and order in the Dining-Hall, there has been very little co-operation.

It is quite natural that each girl should wish to sit with her particular friends, but is it not better that she have an opportunity to become better acquainted with other girls? This opportunity the Committee has tried to give you, but with what result? The action has been resented on the part of some—and in many cases continually disregarded.

Girls! Will you not co-operate with us and observe what few regulations we have had to make? We have not asked you to forego wearing middies to dinner nor have we had any call to speak repeatedly of the noise. We realize the conditions and are as anxious as you are to make the best of them.

The only thing we have asked you to do is to sit in the place assigned you. Allowances are made, of course, for week-ends, and breakfasts when all the tables are not set up. It is lunches and dinners which we speak of particularly.

This is a small matter, yet it is important. What we want and need is co-operation. May we have it?

—Dorothy E. Doane, Chairman.

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Faculty Notes.

Dr. Cary, Dr. Beach, Professor Wells, and Professor Kip attended during the Christmas holidays the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, held at Yale University, Dec. 27-29, 1917.

Professor Wells presented a paper, which was read by title, on "Wordsworth's Tract on the Convention of Cintra".

Professor Kip was elected secretary of the German section of the Association for the ensuing year.

1919 Gives A Dance in the Gym.

It is very seldom that girls agree absolutely on any ONE point, but a strange thing happened. Fifty or more girls have been found who agree on SEVERAL points; (1) that they (and their partners too) had "the best time ever" at the 1919 dance given January 5th; (2) that the gymnasium had looked almost respectable in its attractive green and gray decorations; (3) that the orchestra was positively inspiring. No one could ask for more.

The object of the dance was to raise money for the Frederick H. Sykes prize in English and the Class of 1919 is \$50. nearer its goal. Dean Nye, Mrs. Kip, Miss Woodhull, Miss Blue, Prof. and Mrs. William Bauer were the patronesses and patron.

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An Autobiography

I can recall my life from the time I was one row old until now when I am twenty inches long. Both front and back. I was brought up by a College girl and suppose I was quite fortunate in being able to acquire a complete college education while growing. My first recollection is of a rather large, comfortable room filled with girls. Some were dancing and more were—doing what my Madre was doing to me. Many people, noticing a newcomer I suppose, stopped and talked me over. Each would feel of me, remark on my weight—I couldn't forecast the length of time it would take me to grow. I grew considerable that evening and learned a great deal for my first night in college. I learned that I was for Jack, A. E. F. (I do not know what college gives that degree; but gather that it is a splendid school, and that Jack's Uncle Sam sent him to it). I also learned that I was to be full grown by Christmas; that I was "double"; and that my temporary home was in a soft bag, which when it wasn't dangling from my Madre's arm, was put anywhere and thus showed a tendency to mislaying itself in the most "unconceived of" places.

Very often I was taken to dinner. At these affairs I overheard much of the conversation, some about myself and more about others. Several of the "profs." evidently were very Bostonian as all "quizes" were "stiff". The meals at the College were "terrible", but quite often an apple or a few slices of bread were slipped into my bag. I knew I was not supposed to eat them as I haven't any teeth, but I said nothing. I later learned why the banquets were spread in my home.

One evening I grew about twenty rows, why I even grew to my neck. And then, while I was growing around the shoulders, it was most painful. First, a long argument was held between my Madre and her "roomie" as to how many should be "cast off". Finally, an authority on the subject having been called in, "twenty-two, according to the latest regulations" was decided upon. Anyone knows how painful it is to have one stitch taken in his side. Well, imagine having twenty-two dropped out of your neck. And just as I was recovering from that, my Madre evidently changed her mind and put back the twenty-two. During all this

agony, I continued to grow and as Christmas neared my "front" grew.

I was "taken in" everywhere, "sneaked" onto the rear row at class, bravely displayed in the front row at lectures, and proudly exhibited before the fire in the living-room to a great big sailor, who eyed me rather jealously, I thought You see I'm khaki. Very often, the aforementioned big sailor and I would stop growing for a few rows. However, I conquered each time, for my Madre would say: "But really, I must. You see the first is the last day Christmas packages can be sent across."

I never grew so quickly as the night of the thirty-first. And that night my Madre talked to me. I didn't understand much that she said, but I stretched myself after she patted me, and when she kissed me—I could feel one of my ribs roll up to another, I was so thrilled. Finally, as she folded me and laid me in a square box, she said something about keeping Jack warm, and then something wet spattered on me.

Now I'm on my way to make things warm for Jack and hot for "Bill".

War Reading List.

1. The First Hundred Thousand
Ian Hay
2. Over the Top... Arthur Guy Empey
3. Between the Lines.... Boyd Cable
Shows the men as they really are in their trenches in attack, under fire, grumbling, cheerful, patient and roused.
4. Kitshener's Mob..... J. N. Hall
The training of English soldiers as seen by a young American who joined them.
5. A Soldier of the Legion
Edward Morlee
A tragic but stirring story of peril and bravery.
6. A Student in Arms (first and second series)..... Donald Hankey
A soldier's book about his comrades, especially their views and philosophy.
7. All In It Ian Hay
8. My War Diary Madame Waddington.
9. Carry On Coningsly Dawson
10. The Major Ralph Connor

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